

THE BARRE DAILY TIMES

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Frank E. Langley, Publisher.

The average daily circulation of the Barre Daily Times for the week ending Saturday was

5,605

copies, the largest paid circulation of any daily paper in this section.

These are growing times for taxes, too.

The clerks' holiday makes a big void in Barre.

Lo, the Poor Indian can be made poorer, it seems.

"Big Bill" Edwards found the benefits of football yesterday, and one Gallagher felt them.

The formation of mountain clubs in Vermont indicates that walking is not a lost art hereabouts.

Montpelier club women don't want the Johnson-Jeffries fight pictures. They probably will have their way.

Cheer up; the price of oil won't jump inordinately for John D. Rockefeller's fine for overspeeding was only a liver.

Fishermen should bear in mind that the trout season in Vermont is very near the end, closing Sunday by the calendar.

The Barre and Montpelier Traction and Power company, with its circus business of Monday, should hurry up those new double-track cars.

Over in New Hampshire, some are claiming that the next state legislature will be at "lagerheads," which statement plainly tells which way the spigot turns in New Hampshire.

The army of newspaper photographers who had gone to the boat to take pictures of the departing executive of New York, for once, found things coming their way; and the pictures in the New York papers make a striking contrast, the vigorous mayor chatting with friends one minute and the next being borne on a stretcher from the steamer.

The Rutland News, whose editor and publisher was one of the defeated candidates for postmaster in Rutland, shows that he is a good loser, as yesterday the following appeared in the editorial columns of the paper:—

Congratulations and best wishes to George F. Pease, the new postmaster-to-be. He was the lucky winner in a competition that was strenuous but entirely devoid of bitterness or mud-slinging between candidates.

It is pleasing that good feeling remains after the sharp contest, and if the other candidates are as generous as Editor Fairfield there will be no sore spots remaining to mar otherwise harmonious relations.

IMPORTANT PLANK LEFT OUT.

An appeal to voters, sent out from Rutland by the Republican state committee, urging support of the ticket at the polls, pretends to summarize the platform adopted at the state convention, but omits reference to one of its most important planks, that declaring for publicity in campaign expenditures. Evidently the committee does not wish to embarrass Dr. Mead, but the voters will not look at it in that light. They believe the doctor spent a considerable sum of money to secure his nomination, and because of this belief the state convention unanimously adopted this plank for campaign publicity. By his continued silence, Dr. Mead has shown that it did not have his endorsement, and as a consequence he is going to lose many Republican votes at the polls. Must every other candidate on the ticket be made to suffer a reduction in his vote to suit the personal feelings of Dr. Mead?

THE SHOOTING OF MAYOR GAYNOR.

When Mayor Gaynor was preparing on Monday to go abroad for a month's vacation, he requested that "no fuss about it" be made when he took the steamer the following day. He desired as little of the spectacular as possible about the leave-taking. And that illustrates one of the dominant characteristics of the man's life, his every-day nature, his very democratic view of things. Although mayor of the greatest city in the country, he had put on no fuss and feathers, but conducted himself as he ordinarily did in private life, although devoting himself assiduously to his duties as executive of the city. He mingled freely with the people of the city, in a manner which should be possible in the life of every official in a country like the United States. He went into the by-ways of the great and wicked metropolis with no fear of the consequences. He sought out the wrongs of municipal life and by blunt, courageous action endeavored to remedy the defects as much as possible. It was this boldness in striking for the right that made him the object of bitter enmity among those who felt the force of his reform efforts, and it was his disregard for personal safety that opened him to be the target of a would-be assassin.

Mayor Gaynor, although not having the full confidence of the people at the outset of his official career, was never-



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From bathing suits to tuxedos and from underwear to full dress.

New York styles, too.

We are the one and only store in this town that has a resident New York buyer who from day to day keeps our place supplied with every New York fad just as promptly as it is shown in the Broadway and Fifth Avenue shops.

SPECIAL

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SEE WINDOW

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cheless making good in one of the most trying positions in the entire country. By his honest and straightforward acts, albeit sometimes tactless, he was gaining the admiration of those who had been his enemies at the start. He countenanced no shams; he overlooked no shiftness in his subordinates; he held all to the exact line of duty. He was markedly superior to his immediate predecessor, and gave indication of attaining even greater success before the end of the term. Therefore, the attempted murder by a discharged and disgruntled city employe yesterday is the more to be regretted. It will be the earnest wish of all that Mayor Gaynor be spared to continue his splendid work as mayor of New York and to perform other duties for which he seems to be well fitted.

Current Comment

Mayor Gaynor a Target.

The effort this morning of a discharged employe of the New York City dock department to kill Mayor Gaynor, as the latter was about to sail for a well-earned vacation in Europe, will shock the country. For Mayor Gaynor, by his record during his brief term of office has become a national figure and has commanded universal respect for the vigor and lucidity of his thought, the simplicity and effectiveness of his administrative reform methods, and the large-minded views he has taken of his task as head of a municipality, the example of which for good or for bad, counts more than any other in the country.

That he should have been made the target for the bullet of any man is one of those ironies of history which are seen whenever fanatics or crazed persons take it upon themselves to award punishment and dispense justice on men whom they deem to be tyrants. So seldom are the men who are smitten by the stealth and craft of the assassin the men whom society really could spare—admitting that the method of doing evil that good may come is ever justifiable, which is a debatable question; and so often are the victims of the bullet, dagger or poison the very men whom society needs to carry on its constructive reforming work.

This is emphatically so in the case of Mayor Gaynor. Of all New York's recent mayors, he has shown the most courage, the most realistic vision, the most capacity to get needed constructive reform work done. Those who formerly suspected him and voted against him are now his warmest champions. The entire municipal governmental machine has been "toned" up by his inspiring personal influence. A new type of man has been set at work leading the various departmental activities. Financiers have been brought to believe that their share in fostering city welfare will be met by official action that is rooted in principle and common sense. Partisanship in connection with city affairs never counted for so little; and Tammany, that nominal Mayor Gaynor never had such lean pickings at the treasury trough.

Fortunately, the wound suffered by

Mayor Gaynor seems to have been such as to make the outlook for his restoration to health and service fair. In which case he will return the stronger in the respect and affection of Americans, because he has suffered vicariously for his stand as a reforming mayor, determined to abolish parasites from the body politic, of which class the assassin was one.—Boston Evening Herald.

Must Have Been a Slip.

"It is more than strange that sensible men will spend their money in the pension game of politics with the chance of money return so uncertain, when farms are so cheap and the chances of satisfactory financial results so favorable. Come to think of it, too, some of our political patriots would make better farmers."—Washington Times.

Isn't this something of a slur on the farmers, though? Nowadays it takes brains and special fitness and training to be a good farmer. Agriculture is regarded as a science and one of the most deep and involved of all the great master-secrets of nature. Once upon a time, to be true, husbandry was thought of as more or less of a haphazard occupation, and many a man that failed at everything else fell back on farming as something that anybody could follow and at least make a living. Some of those misfits are still trying to farm. But, of the greater part of the men now taking up farming from choice and not by reason of inheritance, it is true that they are bringing to this ancient art an ability and character and determination that must one of these days revolutionize farming in Vermont.

Now, your poor politician, what is he doing for the betterment of things compared with such men? How shall he whose stock-in-trade oftentimes largely consists in the ability to make mischief among his fellowmen—how shall he able to take up successfully the task of these useful men?

Come, Brother Times, admit that that word "farmers" was a slip.—St. Albans Messenger.

Overworked Young Athletes.

A "coach" in one of our eastern colleges tells of a letter he received from a high school boy of fifteen who planned to enter the college and wished, meanwhile, to benefit by the experience of the man whom he hoped would help him, later on, to gain distinction in athletics. The boy wrote that on the advice of the "professor" who had charge of the high school team, he had entered in an interscholastic meet and had gone in for less than five events—the discus, hammer, two dashes and the mile run. "After training for a couple of days my back was so sore I could hardly bend over," the boy added. "How would you advise me to train?" The answer of the expert was prompt and pointed. "Drop all the events," he said. "Get a pair of light wooden dumbbells and exercise with them three times a day. Put on some weight and live an out-of-doors life. Then in a couple of years write to me again."

The episode serves to call attention to an abuse so serious that it would be difficult to overstate its urgency—the overworking which really means the physical exhaustion, of promising young athletes in secondary schools. In one view the lads themselves are to blame, since their ambitions are almost boundless, yet of course the deeper responsibility rests upon coaches who sacrifice a boy's future in order that they may gain glory for themselves or temporary honor for the school. As the situation develops in after life, many a star of the preparatory schools, confidently expected to surpass his former achievements, groves in college to be almost helpless and useless. As the common saying puts it, there is "not a leg left in him." He has been exposed to a strain that no growing boy can successfully endure, and when he should be at the height of condition he is actually in such poor shape that the college coaches can do little with or for him. Wisser methods prevail. The Times tells us, in the Public Schools Athletic League of New York. The competitions are divided into classes, with age and weight limits, and the boys are carefully instructed and prevented from over exerting themselves. Seldom before has a year in high school been permitted to take up anything more wearing than light track work. In that last year, granting that he has taken care of himself, he may safely step over the bounds a little and still enter college, if college be his destination, with a sound and unweary body that will be of real help. If he is to be a preparatory school would adopt a similar system, the leaders in college athletics would suffer fewer disappointments at the hands of much advertised young athletes, who driven almost night and day for four years, have lost the spring and "snap" that are such priceless possessions of youth.—Boston Transcript.

Picking a Man for Montpelier.

Whom, in your town, would you select to represent you in an important business transaction that would require several weeks to complete and that would make a good many dollars to you for several years to come? Think it over and make a list of those whom you feel sure you could trust and who would take your interests. Then ask yourself if one of those men is not the very man you and every other tax payer ought to send to Montpelier to look after your interests and those of your town during the coming session of the legislature. No man ought to be elected representative that a majority of the voters do not measure by this simple rule.—Vermont Enterprise and Vermonter.

Sumner's Ready Reply.

Charles Sumner when in London gave a ready reply. At a dinner given in his honor he spoke of "the ashes of some dead hero." "Ashes? What American English?" rudely asked an Englishman. "Dust you mean, Mr. Sumner. We don't burn our dead in this country." "Yet," instantly replied Mr. Sumner, with a courteous smile, "your poet Gray tells us that 'Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.'" The American was not criticised again that evening.—Argonaut.

Confucius on Kingscraft.

"What is kingscraft?" demanded a disciple. Confucius replied, "Food enough, troops enough and a trusting people." "Were there no help for it which could be best spared of the three?" "Troops," said the master. "And were there no help for it which could be better spared of the other two?" "Food," said the master. "From of old all men die, but without trust a people cannot stand."

Jingles and Jests

Oh Faithful Insurgers.
Well-uh, Miteeb Candidate, I sees yo' hyuh ag'in.
Wid yo' glad-to-see-ya' han'shake en yo' how's-de-chillun grin.
Yo' 'low de kentry's slippin' en a-siddin' alums ter smah.
Onless yo' git de office—en yo' talkin' mighty brash!
Yo' tol' me his de las' time, en I ast yo' man to man
Ef fo'-de-lection talkin' keep de bacon in de pan.

How dat, Miteeb Candidate? Yo' s'prise dat fum me?
Yas, I know yo' 'bout to norate on de yemblem o' de free.
En whoop erbout de sojers fum Gawge Washington clean down—
But how come de whitewashin' is so ac'ive in disayer town?
Yo' 'low ter me de las' time dat ef I gih yo' mah vote
I soon be p'omendin' wid a plug hat en long coat.

Um-huh, Miteeb Candidate, yo' slap me on de back
En say dat I'm a reg'lar en I nevah jump de track.
In co'se I take a seegrab, en I thank yo' kindly, lookey!
But ef yo' please don't roa' 'bout de ol' red white en blue,
En how de sojers tromped up till dey fit en bled en died—
I knows which way yo's p'intin' when yo' say yo' pint with pride.

Yes, an, Miteeb Candidate, I knows yo' banked on me—
But yo' does does yo' bankin' in de campaign, don't yo' see?
I knows yo' speeches backwahds, en eriss-erassways, ez ter dat,
But dis is what I'e astin' yo' dis time: What is yo' at?
Now, ef yo' gets elected will yo' make dem walk de chalk,
Or is yo' gwine ter set down en do nuffin' else but talk?
—Chicago Post.

A Banner Year.

Motorist—Going to have a big year in your town, I suppose?
Village Notable—Yep, a grand peace celebration. This is the first year since 1872 that we haven't had a centennial, county fair, soldiers' reunion, old-home week or Knights of Cere convention!—Puck.

Important.

Teacher—Now, what little boy can tell me what is the most important canal in the world?
Pupil—I kin, mum.
Teacher—Very well, Willie; you may tell me what is the most important canal in the world.
Pupil—Th' alimentary canal, mum.—Judge.

CHICKEN RACES.

The Ridiculous "Hen Derby" instituted by Sir John Astley.
It is said that the crowning triumph of Sir John Astley, that inventor of absurd contests, whose forte it was to arrange races between animals which nature apparently had made most unsuitable for the purpose, was the institution of the only races that ever took place between chickens.
The story is that the idea came to Sir John during a visit to a friend who kept a large number of hens. He noticed how rapidly the chickens used to scurry to their mother when food was thrown to her. This furnished the ingenious Sir John with a clever notion, and at once, he then being quartered at Windsor, he accordingly unfolded to his brother officers his plans for a great chicken race.

He bought from a farmer a hen and a brood of chickens. Each officer was to choose a chicken and mark it with a ribbon, so that he could easily recognize it. The chickens were to be placed about fifty yards away from their mother, and whichever of them reached her first in answer to her cackle when food was thrown to her was to be adjudged the winner.

And so this ridiculous "hen Derby" came off in the barracks at Windsor and was witnessed by nearly the whole brigade of guards, who traveled down from London especially to see it.
The race was such a success that it was arranged to repeat it the following week. It might possibly have become a regular institution and a racing stable of chickens might have been added to the attractions at Windsor had not Sir John's chicken won on each occasion with such ease as to cause suspicion in the minds of his competitors. Indeed, it was found, it is said, that in both races Sir John had selected a sturdy young cockerel who was much too speedy for his sisters. When victory was a certainty for one particular competitor the contest, of course, lost interest, and so the chicken races at Windsor came to a sudden end.—New York Herald.

An Ingenious Defense.

Nimble wits and a glib tongue frequently save erring "coppers" on trial before the deputy commissioner at headquarters. Some of the "defenses" put up by offenders are more ingenious than convincing. Not long ago a giant patrolman, accused of being out of a quarter of a mile off his beat, evolved this excuse, "You see, it was like this, your honor. I was patrolling my post when I thought I heard a man up the street yelling 'Fire! Fire!' I ran in the direction of the sound, and would you believe me, Mr. Commissioner, they stood a fellow out on the sidewalk trying to wake up a friend of his on the second floor, and he was yelling with all his might 'Mayer! Mayer!'" "Well, that's a grand new one," said the trial commissioner, the suspicion of a smile crossing his face. "Complaint dismissed."—New York Tribune.

"I Am Going to Insure Before

long." Postponement is not only the robber of time, but the murderer of opportunity. Many put off insurance until, when ready, health has declined and they are uninsurable. DO IT NOW. National Life Insurance Co., Montpelier, Vt. (Mutual).
S. S. Ballard, General Agent, Montpelier, Vt.; N. B. Ballard, local agent, Barre, Vt. (Mutual).

UNCLE SAM'S GOOD WORK.

A Chapter on Frenzied Finance With an Unusual Ending.

One of the most fearful and wonderful chapters of frenzied finance ever known in Wall street concerned the looting of the surface railways of New York city. It is again called to the public mind by the refreshing information that the men concerned in the deal have been compelled by your Uncle Samuel to put it back.

The looting of the surface lines culminated in the Metropolitan Securities company. One of the characteristic transactions of the men composing this concern, which practically constituted a traction trust of the chief city of the country, was to turn over at a good round figure the Wall and Cortlandt street ferries railway, an en-



THOMAS F. RYAN.

terprise that was wholly on paper and on which not a single tie or rail had ever been laid.

The inevitable result of such financiering was that the surface railroads of the city of New York went into the hands of a receiver. Without any noise the individuals composing the Metropolitan Securities company have been compelled to pay back some of the money represented by these frenzied finance transactions. Something like \$7,000,000 in all have been refunded. Thomas F. Ryan was the head financial genius in the traction trust and heads the list which is as follows:

Thomas F. Ryan—\$1,000,000 Interborough Metropolitan note, \$138,548 Wall and Cortlandt street ferries refund and \$300,000 cash paid Receiver Ladd; total, \$1,438,548.
P. A. B. Wisner—\$1,000,000 Interborough Metropolitan note, \$138,548 Wall and Cortlandt street ferries refund and \$300,000 cash paid Receiver Ladd; total, \$1,438,548.

E. J. Berwind—\$1,000,000 Interborough Metropolitan note and \$300,000 cash paid Receiver Ladd; total, \$1,300,000.
John D. Crimmins—\$1,000,000 note, less certain minor participations, and \$300,000 cash paid Receiver Ladd; total, \$1,300,000.
Thomas Dolan—\$138,548 Wall and Cortlandt street ferries refund, and \$300,000 cash paid Receiver Ladd; total, \$438,548.
Whitney Estate—\$138,548 Wall and Cortlandt street ferries refund.
Paul D. Gravel—\$100,000 cash paid Receiver Ladd.

Mortimer L. Schiff, Thomas F. Fowler and H. H. Vreeland about \$300,000 cash between them.

TURNER'S AMBITION.

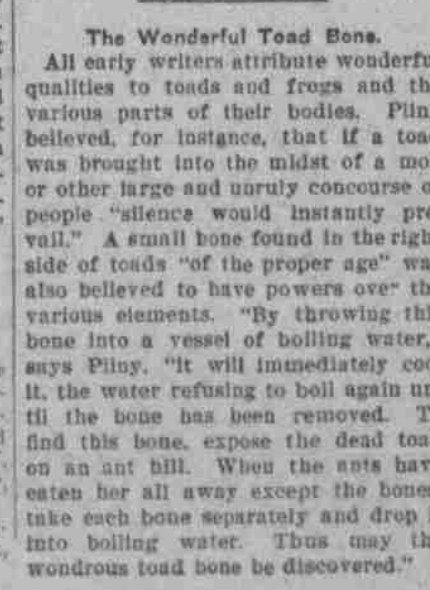
The Great Painter Achieved It by Years of Self Sacrifice.

Turner could not bear to sell a favorite painting. He was always melancholy after such a transaction. "I lost one of my children this week," he would sadly exclaim. At a meeting at Somerset House it was decided to purchase his two great pictures, "Rise" and the "Fall of Carthage," for the National gallery. A Mr. Griffiths was commissioned to offer £5,000 for them. "A noble offer," said the painter, "a noble offer; but no, I cannot part with them. Impossible." Mr. Griffiths, greatly disappointed, took his leave.

Turner ran after him. "Tell those gentlemen," he said, "that the nation will most likely have the pictures after all." Long before this Turner had matured a purpose which continued to be his dominant idea while he lasted. This was to bequeath to his country a Turner gallery of pictures and to amass £100,000 to build and endow an asylum for decayed artists. It was for this great object that he denied himself all pleasures that cost money, all luxuries. His resolve, once made, could not be shaken. On one occasion he was offered £100,000 for the art treasures locked up in the "den." "Give me the key of the house, Mr. Turner," said a Liverpool merchant, "and here is the money." "No, thank you," replied Turner. "I have refused a better offer." And that was true. By his will he bequeathed £140,000 to found an asylum for poor artists born in England and a magnificent art collection to his country. This latter bequest was, however, coupled with the condition that his "Rise and Fall of Carthage" should be hung in the National gallery between Claude's "Sea-port" and "Mill."—London Graphic.

The Wonderful Toad Bone.

All early writers attribute wonderful qualities to toads and frogs and the various parts of their bodies. Pliny believed, for instance, that if a toad was brought into the midst of a mob or other large and unruly concourse of people "silence would instantly prevail." A small bone found in the right side of toads "of the proper age" was also believed to have powers over the various elements. "By throwing this bone into a vessel of boiling water," says Pliny, "it will immediately cool it, the water refusing to boil again until the bone has been removed. To find this bone, expose the dead toad on an ant hill. When the ants have eaten her all away except the bones, take each bone separately and drop it into boiling water. Thus may the wonderful toad bone be discovered."



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Special Bargains on all
Counters in the Store

A visit to the remnant counter will pay you. Wash Goods, Dress Goods, White Goods, Silks and all small pieces through the store are on this table at prices to close.

750 yards of 25c Mercerized Gingham for 12 1-2c yard. Ask to see them.

98c Counter \$1.25 Duck Skirts, \$1.50
Fancy Shirt Waists, \$1.25
House Dresses, \$1.45 Petticoats, \$1.25 Plain Blue and Linen Colored Waists, your choice 98c each
of the above garments for

All our Linen Colored Long Coats to close at \$2.50 each.

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Best grade Axminster regular price \$1.38, now 98c
Best grade Velvet, regular price \$1.15, now 95c
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Cheap Tapestry 57 1-2c
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UNITING THE AMERICAS.

Spirit of Concord at the Buenos Aires Conference.

The pan-American conference in session at Buenos Aires has been referred to by John Barrett as second in importance only to The Hague peace conference. It is designed to promote peace in the western hemisphere as that at The Hague is to promote the peace of the entire world. The conference met on July 11 and will remain in session five or six weeks. The delegates from the United States were warmly received and the report that there would be a protest over our action as to Nicaragua was quietly laughed at. Indeed, Secretary Knox, who conducted our end of the Nicaraguan affair, was

and Henry White, head of the American delegation, responded to the speech of welcome in behalf of all of the delegates. This address was translated into Spanish and liberally applauded. Dr. de la Plaza, the foreign minister of Argentina, in his address of welcome had spoken in a complimentary way of the Monroe doctrine, and to this Mr. White responded:

"We are neither North Americans, Central Americans nor South Americans, but we feel that we are all Americans."

He pointed out that the Monroe doctrine was conceived in the broadest spirit of brotherhood and added that the congress would conduct its work harmoniously.

Moral Suasion and a Strap.

"She seems to have abandoned her moral suasion ideas relative to the training of children."

"She has."

"How did it happen?"

"Well, I was largely instrumental in bringing about the change. You see, she has no children of her own, and I grew weary of her constant preaching and theorizing, so I loaned her our Willie."

"Loaned her your boy?"

"Precisely. She was to have him a week on her solemn promise to confine herself entirely to moral suasion."

"Did she keep her promise?"

"She did, but at the expiration of the week she came to me with tears in her eyes and pleaded for permission to whale him just once."—New York Mail.

Brooklyn has a number of youngsters who promise to shine in the fast set with a little more experience. Tony Smith, Daubert, Wheat and Dalton are four of the most promising ball tossers in the country today.

Henry White.

unanimously elected one of the two honorary presidents of the conference